

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

The mass meeting at Cooper Union last night, held under the auspices of the Journal's Vigilance Committee, should strike terror to the hearts of the officials who have stood as defenders of the Ramapo steal. The temper of that gathering of representative citizens was unmistakable.

They have no patience with public plunderers. In the most forcible terms they denounced the conspiracy to rob the city. They put into concrete form the indignation that has seized every honest citizen of Greater New York. That was the real value of the Cooper Union meeting. It spoke for the whole people, and it left no doubt as to its meaning.

In point of character, numbers and influence this assemblage was one of the most remarkable in the history of New York.

Believing that the only certain way to rid the city of the menace of the Ramapo gang is to wipe out of existence the bogus charter behind which these thieves have shielded themselves, the Journal has carried the war into the Attorney-General's office.

Ex-Senator David B. Hill and Mr. Bernard Naumberg, of the firm of Einstein & Townsend, counsel for the Journal, appeared before Attorney-General Davies at Albany yesterday and urged that proceedings be instituted to annul the charter of the Ramapo Water Company. They made clear the fraudulent intent of this corporation. It has no legal existence. The Secretary of State certifies that it has never paid any of its capital stock, nor has it made an annual report as required by law.

Its discreditable life has been prolonged by the hope of public plunder. The company owns no land in the ten counties embracing the Ramapo district, nor does it hold either leases or options on any land in that territory. These facts are supported by affidavits of county clerks and property owners.

So startling was the proof adduced, and so convincing were the arguments made by the Journal's counsel as to the illegality of the Ramapo Water Company, that its attorney asked for an adjournment until next Wednesday, which was granted by the Attorney-General.

There were other influences at work also. Comptroller Coler, whose initiative blocked the game of the raiders in its early stages, appeared before the Board of Public Improvements and made a powerful argument against the acceptance of the Ramapo contract. He dwelt on the merits of municipal ownership, and showed that the water supply was sufficient for many years to come. His exposure of the dishonest motive back of the \$200,000,000 proposition was complete.

The Mazet Committee has started to probe the scandal. The Journal has little faith in the sincerity or fairness of this partisan committee, but if it can turn the light on the big and little rascals, Democrats or Republicans, who have joined hands in this robbery, it will do much to redeem itself in the eyes of this community.

The injunction secured by Comptroller Coler will prevent the Board of Public Improvements from taking any action on the contract for several weeks. In the meantime public sentiment is increasing in force and volume, and he will be a brave official indeed who, even with his price in his pocket, can defy the storm of disapproval.

WHO ARE CARTER'S CONFEDERATES?

Instead of passing and machinery the workingmen succeed in over his sentence of increasing the profits of a given industry imprisonment with a over that of a previous year, they will be laugh and a jest, as given a bonus, a part of the increase, and heretofore, Captain the balance goes into the pockets of the Carter now stands at employers.

bay and defies those who have convicted him of being a dishonorable swindler.

His present attitude makes it clear that there were others besides himself who got their hands on the \$1,600,000 of Government money that disappeared at Savannah. Either Captain Carter is a liar as well as a thief, or there are some more officials who are overdue in jail.

Wayne MacVeagh, Carter's counsel, is vehemently protesting that his client is the Dreyfus of America—the innocent scapegoat for others' crimes.

If he can produce any evidence to this effect the American people will be heartily obliged to him, as there is no desire to make the innocent suffer for the guilty.

There is some rascality back of this case that has not yet been discovered. Captain Carter, either alone or with confederates, obtained over a million and one-half of Government money.

He was not brought to trial until three years after the first accusation was made against him.

A court of thirteen officers of high rank found him guilty, and sentenced him to fine and imprisonment.

Captain Carter paid no attention to the sentence, walked gayly out of the court room, continued to draw his salary, and now, after fourteen months of freedom, still snaps his fingers at the law.

This is either a case of the most colossal impudence, or there are some Esterhazys, Du Paty de Clams or Merciers on this side of the Atlantic.

SOMETHING NEW IN TRADES ALLIANCES.

An Englishman, a Mr. Smith, who will attend the conference in Chicago in September under the auspices of the Civic Federation, advocates and has already initiated a new trades movement to unite capital and labor, which he calls a trades alliance.

It is a movement that unites the features of our modern trusts and of the ancient guilds. It should be understood that our present trades unions have nothing in common with the guilds, are not even their successors, though often supposed to be. Trades unions are organizations exclusively of wage-workers, while the guilds were organizations composed of employers, journeymen and apprentices, who in time would work themselves up into becoming master workmen or employers, in their turn.

The scheme of Mr. Smith now is, that each trade should organize itself into a trust, but embracing the workingmen engaged in the trade. It is claimed that one such trade-alliance formed by the bedstead manufacturers has already succeeded admirably in England. Some might think this nothing else than the profit-sharing system advocated in this country by Professor N. P. Gilman, but they would be mistaken. Profit-sharing simply means, that if by careful economy in handling raw materials

A PERMANENT VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

It is a very unpleasant and very well-known fact that a large number of our public officials will not protect the interests of the people who elected them unless they are constantly threatened with the lash of public censure.

There ought not to be any necessity for a Vigilance Committee or a mass meeting. We have a Mayor and Corporation Counsel, to whom we pay \$15,000 a year apiece to watch over our municipal affairs.

We have a Board of Public Improvements, which costs the taxpayers \$78,000 a year in salaries. We have Councillors and Aldermen by the dozen, who should have made it their business to block the Ramapo deal the moment it became known.

Yet in spite of the city's salaried army of protectors and caretakers, there seems little doubt that this infamous scheme would have succeeded if it had not been for the promptness of Comptroller Coler, the exposures of the Journal, and the action taken by the Vigilance Committee.

It is plain that we need to guard the city treasury from its elected guardians. Why not, therefore, organize a permanent Vigilance Committee with power to call a public meeting whenever the occasion required it?

OUR STATUS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

telling points in answer to the anti-expansionists:

American dominion in the Philippines will destroy none of the ends of government; will disregard no one of the inalienable rights of man; will sanctify no abuse or usurpation, but will terminate the despotism under which their people have lived for more than three hundred years.

The United States did not ask the consent of the inhabitants of Louisiana, or Florida, or New Mexico, or Upper California to the cessions made by France and Spain and the Republic of Mexico, nor was it understood when we assumed sovereign jurisdiction over those peoples that we were violating the principles that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Orderly government, faithfully administered in the interest of the governed, superinduces consent.

The Philippine case could not be put in clearer or stronger terms. We will bring to the Filipinos every blessing and benefit that an honest government, administered in the interests of the people, can bestow. Every abuse that Spain encouraged will be wiped out. Every oppression that it practised will be abolished.

If through the folly of unscrupulous leaders the Filipinos are temporarily denied these benefits, that is not our fault. They must eventually realize that the United States cannot afford to take any backward step. The Philippines are American territory for all time—a fact as valuable for the consideration of anti-expansionists at home as it is for Aguinaldo and his followers.

THE CRUELTY OF SOME WOMEN.

Are women more cruel than men? We have had many recent instances to prove that some of them are very inhuman. It is a woman who is charged with torturing an eighteen months' old baby in Brooklyn by blistering its feet with a red hot poker. Two women helped to plan and carry out the kidnapping of Baby Clark. A woman superintendent is accused of brutally whipping the girl inmates of a New Jersey institution. Hundreds of cases could be quoted.

The latest and most terrible is that of the New York woman who is in jail charged with kicking a seven-year-old child to death. What a sickening exhibition of murderous rage! Could a sane, normal woman be guilty of such savagery?

Of course it would be unjust to arraign women generally for the offences of a few degenerates, but in the main they are so gentle, kindly and human that it is shocking to note any exception to the rule.

We Must Guard the Future.

The great danger is that our people will think the battle won when their great meeting is over. Between now and next January the entrenched thieves will so tamper with our water supply that an unthinking community may be led to fear a water famine. We must guard the future. That leaders of great public journals should be leaders in all movements looking to the welfare and protection of a people from public plunderers is now a recognized fact.

C. AUGUSTUS HAVILAND.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 29.

"A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE" AT THE STAR BRINGS FORTH A NEW STAR.

THE American playwright hampered with stellar ambition is badly handicapped indeed. It is all very well to write plays for other people, but when it comes to surrounding himself with calcium light, love, flowers and all the rest of it—well, that is a coat of another color. Actors are vain, and a trifle too anxious to be heroic. Perhaps if they ventured to weave plays for other people they might have the courage to paint a hero with a few detectable imperfections. But the gallant strutter who cooks his own drama must be impossibly handsome, superbly brave, high-falutingly verbose and disgustingly admirable through every act.

At the Star Theatre yesterday I went to see a new star called Howard Hall, in a new play kneaded and boiled by his own fair hands, and called "A Soldier of the Empire." Mr. Hall has been so kind to himself—in fact, he sugar-coated himself so completely in his dramatic effort that he went object to just a little bit of bitter from me for flavoring purposes. We are quite used to hearing Autumnal actresses alluded to by all the characters in their plays as desperately beautiful. We have grown accustomed to the neat old lady who gets a sixteen-year-old leading man to exclaim, "My Gawd! How lovely you are!" But it was rather a shock to me to find that Mr. Hall had fed himself with just such a role. Imagine an actor writing a play for himself, and getting his poor, helpless \$30 leading lady to apostrophize his beauty before he entered!

This occurs in "A Soldier of the Empire." Gilbert de Montville (you can imagine how this name is treated at the Star!) has rescued the lovely Louise de Vere from a restive horse before the play opens. She has fallen into his arms, only to discover that he is quite too gorgeous for words, and then, when she has paved the way thoroughly for the entrance of an Adonis, in walks Mr. Howard Hall. Mr. Hall doesn't seem to be an Adonis. He is young, a trifle heavy and rather Fourteenth streety looking. In fact, he has made an anti-climax of himself to begin with.

"A Soldier of the Empire" is Napoleon, mingled with Third Avenue. Mr. Hall has served up a story dealing with events subsequent to Bonaparte's return from Elba with Laura Jean Libbey sauce. Gilbert is a Bonapartist, and Louise is a Royalist, and after she has fallen from her horse into his arms their souls rush together with a sort of click. But there is the rejected Hortense to deal with. She has suffered from "the madness of his spell," as she calls it, and into her mouth the reckless Mr. Hall has placed all the lovely speeches he ever heard. Roses and sunsets, and hearts and passions are all dealt with by Hortense. All the advice to young women uttered by the Medeamas Libbey and Ayer are uttered by Hortense. And as she comforts the ingenuity of the occasion you feel that she knows it all—that she could tell her how to remove freckles just as easily as what to do with a young "gent" who puts his everyday feet upon the parlor mantelpiece.

Mr. Hall, of course, is young, and I am sure that he means well. But no people on earth have ever spoken as do his Napoleonic-Royalistic puppets as they roam through the gardens of the Chateau de Vere with a drab and inland moan. And even at the Star little gallery boys refuse to be thrilled at the sight of a doting husband who mistakes his wife's brother for her lover! Brothers in the drama should be labelled "Not to be used." They are hopeless when taken for purposes of jealousy.

Mr. Hall started out with the noble ambition of historical romance and fell into the cheap slough of Laura Jean. Poor Hortense suffered such extreme torture that you longed to tread on her and put her out of her misery, as you would tread on a blighted cockroach. But she suffered alone. We couldn't suffer with her. When you see a lady who carries poison in her bosom in Act I, and still insists upon inflicting herself upon you until Act IV, you feel a little put out, and not at all sympathetic.

"A Soldier of the Empire" is thin stuff, altogether, really labelled out. Mr. Hall was so engrossed in furnishing himself with all the modern heroic im-

provements that he couldn't worry about anything else. Oh, for the breath of a little fresh air in the romantic play! Oh, for respite from the stuffy utterances of the hysterical young woman's magazine, and from the blatant nonsense of the eternal "comedy juveniles!" And still more, oh! for a rest from threadbare seriousness! In "A Soldier of the Empire" all the people talk as though they were intoning sermons—no life, no hope, no gaiety, no dash.

Mr. Hall played his part as though he had never had such fun in all his life (his conception of fun). The more melancholy he grew the happier he seemed, and when it came to an attempt to kill the brother for talking familiarly to his sister Mr. Hall rose to the seventh heaven. The calcium actor is Mr. Hall, but the light of too much seriousness is upon him. Shake yourself up a bit, my boy. Take some of the starch out of yourself and remember that to win real sympathy there must be just a touch of humanity about you.

Miss Laura Alberta played Hortense. She was not the star, but she had an "and" to her name in the cast. Miss Alberta suffered from the spell of Gilbert's madness. She had the spell very badly indeed. She generally talked up aloft, but then she had so much to say that I presume she was afraid of tramping on her words. Miss Alberta displayed her arms at all times—as much of them as she could. Too much arm always irritates me, as I find myself involuntarily counting the vaccination marks. The actress draped herself in clinging materials, placed a little dab of rouge on her chin, and then talked at least a three-volume novel full of lovely, flowery remarks. Not once during the play did she smile.

Flora Rossland was the ingenuity, who called herself a wild weed. Miss Rossland is inclined to be cute, and seems to be a rather agreeable young person. Mr. Rossland was a comedy notary with good results, and Mr. Vedder, a lean, young actor, was the comedy juvenile, with a tragedy face.

Napoleon himself does not appear in the play. The stage Napoleon has rested all Summer. He has well earned his vacation.

ALAN DALE.

MR. DOOLEY ON BICYCLE BLOOMERS. TELLING HOW ONE GIRL FORSOOK THEM

"JAWN," said Mr. Dooley, "did ye iver hear th' puzzle whin's a woman not a woman?"

"Faith, I have," said Mr. McKenna. "When I was a kid I knew th' answer."

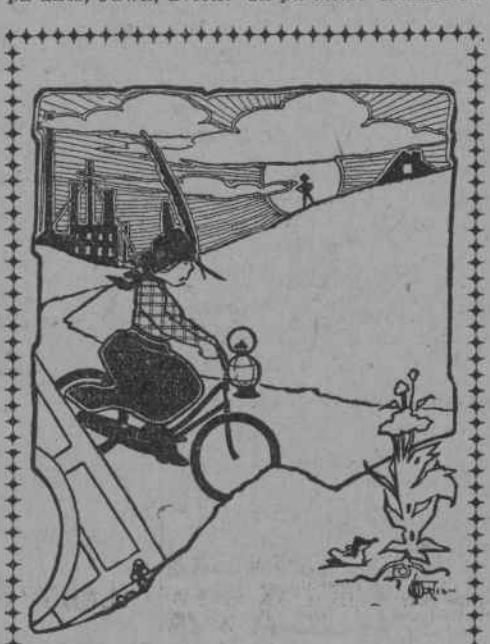
"Ye didn't know this answer," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin is a woman not a woman? 'Twas give to me las' Saturday night be young Calaghan, th' street car-man that have all th' latest jokes that does be out. Whin is a woman not a woman, mind ye! Whin she's on a bicycle, Jawn, D'ye know Mollie Donahue?"

"I know her father," said Mr. McKenna. "He run for Alderman once and lost an ear."

"'Tis th' same man. Well, th' decent man sint his daughter Mary to have a convint schoolin' an' she learned to pass the butther in Frinch an' to paint all th' chiny dishes in th' cubb'd so th't whin Donahue come home wan night an' et his supper he et a green paint ha-art along with his cabbage, an' they had to sind f'r Doctor Hinnissy f'r to pump th' a-art work out iv him. So they did. But Donahue bein' a quite man, nivr minded that, but let her go on with her dose-does an' bought her a bicycle. All th' bicycle th' poor man had himself whin he was her age was th' dhry he used to drive f'r Comiskey, but he says: 'Tis all th' thing,' he says. 'Let th' poor child go her wa-ay,' he says to his wife, he says, 'Honora,' he says, 'she'll get over it.'"

"No one knowed she had th' bicycle, because she wint out after dark an' practised on it down be th' dump. But las' Friday avin, lo an' behold! whin th' road was crowded with people f'r th' brick ya-ard an' th' gas

house an' th' mills, who sh'd come ridin' along be th' thracks, bumpin' an' holdin' on to beat 'ell but Mollie Donahue. An' dhressed! How d'ye suppose she was dhressed? In pa-ants, Jawn, avick! In pa-ants! Dam'd th'



thing on her but a little coat an' a pair iv Midway Pleasance pa-ants. Oh, th' shame iv it! Ivry man on th' street stopped f'r to yell. Little Julia Dorgan calls out: 'Who stole Mollie's dhress? O' man Murphy was

stettin' asleep on his stoop. He heerd th' noise an' woke up an' set his bull terrier on her. Malachi Dorsey, vice-president iv th' St. Aloysius Society, was comin' out iv th' German's, where he does his dhrinkin', an' see her. He put his hands before his face an' wint back to th' bar.

"But she wint bumpin' on, Jawn, till she come up be th' house. Father Kelly was standin' out in front an' ol' man Donahue was layin' down th' law to him about th' tariff, whin along come th' poor, foolish girl, with all th' kids in Bridgeport after her. Donahue turn'd white. 'Say a pather and avy, quick,' he says to th' priest. Thin he called out to his wife, 'Honora,' he says, 'bring a bar!' he says, 'Mollie has come away without anything on,' he says, 'but Sarafeld's pa-ants.' Thin he turned to his daughter, 'May th' Lord forgive ye, Mollie Donahue,' he says, 'this night,' he says, 'Child, where is ye'er dhress?' 'Tut, tut,' says th' good ma-an, 'Mollie,' he says, 'ye look well on that there bicycle,' he says. 'But 'tis th' first time I iver knowed ye was bowlegged,' he says, says the soggarth aroon.

"Well, sir, she wint into th' house as if she'd been shot f'r'm a gun, an' th' nex' mornin' I see Donhey's expriss wagon haulin' th' bicycle away."

"Didn't Father Kelly do anything about it?" asked Mr. McKenna.

"No," replied Mr. Dooley. "There was some explected she'd be r'ead f'r'm th' altar at high ma-as, but she wasn't. Mrs. Hinnissy seen her doin' th' stations f'r a pinance las' Choos-day mornin'."

MENCIUS, THE FIRST SINGLE TAXER. A CHINESE HENRY GEORGE OF 300 B. C.

THE single tax A BRIGHT prince contemplates in giving the abolition of all people a livelihood taxes upon labor or causes that there be the products of la-sufficient above to bor—that is to say, care for parents and the abolition of all below to nourish taxes save one tax wife and family, levied on the value and to enjoy abundance of land, irrespective of the years of improvements, and not to starve in the single tax times of famine.

Merchants would be the weight like to trade in the of (taxation off of the markets of such a agricultural dis-prince, for in his tracts where land markets there has little or no would be no taxes value irrespective of duties on goods, of improvements, but only a site tax, and put it on towns Chan or puh Chen, and cities.

Dispense with a desire to travel the multiplicity of taxes roads of such a and a horde of tax-prince. By the one gatherers, simplify tax make the budget government and abundant by allow-greatly reduce its ing the people to have cost.—Platform of abundance. — From Single Tax Party. writings of Mencius, Chinese philosopher, 300 B. C.

MENCIUS anticipated the tax theories of Quesnay, Adam Smith, Mill and Henry George by something more than two thousand years. And besides being a tax reformer, he was a believer in government by and for the people.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Irishmen Getting Together.

To the Editor of the Journal: Now that the movement to erect a monument to the memory of Charles Stewart Parnell has gained the attention of Irishmen and their descendants throughout the world, I feel it is not out of place for me to urge that the memorial be made fully worthy of Ireland's greatest civil leader.

No better time could be selected for this project. Just at this moment, when England's statesmen are planning to throttle free speech and free press, it is gratifying to observe the people of Ireland getting together on this harmonizing mission of honoring the man who in the face of tremendous odds successfully detested to the House of Commons the concessions he sought for our country.

Let no Irishman look back at the dismal discords of the last few years. Between us and the past let a wall arise and let us move hand in hand toward our cherished destiny—the complete freedom of our country. Our sole duty now is to unite all our people, and this is our great opportunity. Think for a moment what Parnell accomplished by a united people at his back. Let us prove that we are worthy of liberty, by our forbearance, self-control and perseverance. Let our motto be: "United we stand, divided we fall."

We stand, divided we fall.

Our desire to do memory to our patriotic dead is one of the many encouraging manifestations of the indestructible spirit of Irish nationality, which, apart from political agitation, tends to show how deeply this vital principle has permeated the hearts of our race. Let it not be said, then, that we forget the man who, of all others, made it possible for a united Ireland to show what extraordinary power it possessed when factionalism was sturdily held in check.

EDWARD DWYER, No. 260 East One Hundred and First street, New York City.

Give the Western Goat a Chance.

Editor of the New York Journal: There has appeared in some of our large daily papers of late articles on the use of Angora goats as mutton, and it is on this subject that we desire to approach you and solicit your assistance.

What we want to do is to overcome the prejudice which exists in the Eastern States against the use of Angora goats as food; and a few explanatory remarks as to the habits, care and health of goats, will, no doubt, be of some service to you, to set forth the true merits of these beautiful animals. There are a great many grades of goats, and, commencing with the very common

ON TOPICS OF MUCH PUBLIC INTEREST.

Mexican goat, up to the best quality, you will find as many as fifteen distinct classes, their quality being determined by the length and fineness of their hair, which is commonly known as mohair.

We have millions of acres of land that can only be used for mutton, and the land consists of high, rocky mountains, on which grows a mountain shrubbery known as mountain oak, and it is on this that goats and deer live the year round.

A goat is one of the hardest animals that live in the mountains, and is never known to have any disease whatever.

If the people of the East will consent to try some of this meat, they will find that it is impossible to tell it from mutton, and the butchers in St. Louis say that their fancy trade prefer the meat of young kids to that of Spring lamb.

E. H. JOHNSON, Lake Valley, N. M.

Comptroller Coler's Fame.

[Utica Observer.] The young man who holds the office of Comptroller of the city of New York has just come into possession of a fame as unique as it is desirable and as rare as reputable fame for honesty, honesty, in holding up the Ramapo water job thereby saving to the people \$200,000,000.